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FINANCE AND THE EUROPEAN WAR.

Not only has the European war set royal relatives against each other, but it has failed to hold together the great financiers of the world. Especially is this true of the Rothschilds, though they are not the only family of financiers with branches in several European capitals. The Rothschilds, whose fortune was founded in war and who have thrived by taking advantage of the necessities of kings, now are arrayed on both sides of the conflict.

There was much humor for those who saw the point in the Germans seizing Baron Lambert de Rothschild, head of the Belgian family branch, and holding him as a hostage for the Brussels war indemnity. The gold taken from his pockets may well have been used to pay the interest on Baron Anselm's loans to the Austrian government. The money would still be in the family.

The Austrian Rothschilds are liberal supporters of the Austrian war loan, it is learned. But their efforts are counteracted and more by the activities of the English and French Rothschilds.

Anselm Rothschild, the head of the Austrian Rothschilds, and Lord Rothschild, the head of the English Rothschilds, are both great-grandsons of Mayer Amschel Rothschild, the founder of this family. They are therefore second cousins. But they are even more closely related than that, for Anselm's mother was a sister of the late Baron Lionel de Rothschild and thus he is also first cousin to Lord Rothschild.

The Rothschilds have remained an absolutely united family, as witness their extraordinary series of marriages between first and second cousins unparalleled outside a few royal families. It also has been their policy—whether they were Austrian, French or English—to play more or less into each others' hands in their financial operations. So far as the financing of this war is concerned, this is no longer possible. As a financier an Austrian Rothschild must know nothing of an English Rothschild. As head of the British people, King George takes no count of the German emperor, though they are first cousins. So with those who are princes in the realms of high finance.

MORE OF THAW AND NEMESIS JEROME.

The readers of newspapers who have tired of Harry Thaw and his escapades need not think they are through with him yet because the supreme court of the United States has ordered him back to New York. There will be more of it, and it may be depended upon that Nemesis Jerome will have his name next to that of Thaw every time the latter is mentioned.

In the course of thirty days or less it may be expected that Thaw will be placed in a position where he can be extradited. The esteemed telegraph will carry a long story every day as the time approaches and eventually the extradition will take place. It is likely that Thaw will again be taken to Matteawan and the painful part of it is that we must read all about his trial for conspiracy.

Nobody in the world cares whether Thaw was in a conspiracy to make his spectacular escape from the insane asylum or not, but they must read all the details of that trial if it ever takes place. They must even read all that Jerome says about it, in his interviews and in court.

After that nobody knows what will happen, since it is all purely conjectural, but it is safe to guess that in the course of time Mr. Thaw will get back to Broadway, that being his objective point as well as the objective point of every other gifted youth in the land. There are hundreds of others there now, in and about Sherry's or the Astor house, who have not reached the prominence of newspaper notoriety that has been attained by the insane Mr. Thaw, but they are hopeful and persevering.

But after it is all over, what glory is there going to be in it for Mr. Jerome, aside from having his name in all the newspapers? There will be none at all, and that is what makes us ashamed of the man who was regarded as a good lawyer before he was obsessed with the nation of becoming a nemesis.

HAS AN UNDESERVED REPUTATION

According to the Washington correspondents, and especially to Fred C. Kelly, the reputation that has been given to Uncle Joe Cannon as a poker player is totally undeserved. He is not a winner at the game, but is more frequently a loser.

In this way the statesmen are being stripped of their accomplishments by the ruthless Washington correspondents. We picture them as experts in one line or another and the first thing we know

a newspaper correspondent comes along and tells us they are able to do nothing of the kind.

Millions of people have credited Cannon with being an excellent poker player. They knew he had an unscrutable face and that under all conditions he was as cold as ice. No human being has been able to determine with any degree of accuracy what was going on in his mind. The whole country has been led to believe that he could hold three aces and never reveal the fact by so much as the flicker of an eyelid.

But it seems that all this was a mistake and that Uncle Joe is not adept at the game. He allows the other statesmen to take money from him when they sit at the table and dally with the cards hour after hour. We fail to understand, in the light of this revelation, why Cannon should have been sent back to congress.

It is to be hoped, however, that the ruthless correspondents, digging down to the bedrock of truth as they sometimes do, will not reveal Uncle Joe without a cigar in his mouth, slanted upward as the cartoonists have pictured him. Perhaps he is not a good poker player, but surely he must always have that cigar stuck in his mouth and slanted at an angle of forty-five degrees?

KILLED BECAUSE OF FAMILY TRAITS.

The woman who trained her said Alice was not a bad lion and that there was no reason for killing her. Alice was only scared, she said, and stayed in a corner, but they killed her because they, too, were scared.

That was what Madame Andree said in a New York's magistrate's court about her trained lion which deserted the stage for the lobby of a theater and was shot by the police after a wild chase and fusillade.

There is something to be said for Alice. Reared in a jungle, she was brought when young to civilization and forced into a theatrical career. Day after day she went through her tricks and received the applause of friendly human beings across the footlights. And then one afternoon the spotlight flashed into Alice's eyes, she lost her bearings and vaulted out among the people who but a moment before had accorded her a noisy appreciation.

Alice injured no one, but kept on her way. Perhaps she caught some of the mob spirit of panic that was about her. Women shrieked and men fired at her. Her motives were not understood. And finally, terror-stricken, Alice sought refuge in an obscure corner of a photograph gallery. And then they "got" her. After which they turned the camera on her limp and riddled form while two policemen stood by in the jungle pose of an expedition.

Alice's impressions of her more intimate contact with the human race no one will ever know. She came from a bad family and she was judged without a hearing. She was lynched. To borrow a sociological phrase, Alice seems "not to have had a chance."

WHEN TRADE MISSIONARIES ARE BUSY.

Trade missionaries are having their hands full in the South American countries now, but they are finding other fields, some of them in places that were previously unsuspected.

Evidently there is a field for American financial missionary work in Italy. As much is to be gathered from a report just made to the department at Washington by the United States consul at Palermo. Owing to a short Italian crop and inability to obtain supplies from Russia the Italians need wheat, especially the hard variety which is used for the making of macaroni, the distinctive national food.

The shortage is such that one variety of wheat has advanced in price to \$5.12 for 220 pounds from \$3.57 and another variety has advanced to \$5.02 from \$3.77. The consul says the dealers desire to make cash payments on receipt of grain to Americans who will supply them.

At this point the need for the honest, earnest effort of the American financial missionary appears. The Palermo dealers desire to make these cash payments through their local banks, but would also pay them through London. They decline to open credits with American banks.

Now when the necessities of the Italians may dispose them to listen to the voice of reason might be a propitious time—the psychological moment, in fact—for the enterprising American bankers to pick men of the right caliber to carry some American financial truth to the Italian heathen. There are so many Italians in the United States and Italy has been so insistent upon retention unimpaired for its people of the existing privilege of emigration to the United States that it would seem to be worth while to attempt to establish direct relations of business and finance with the business men and bankers of Italian cities.

MAUDLIN SYMPATHY STILL REIGNS.

The attorney for the defense stands before the jury and pleads with tears in his eyes and in his voice. If the defendant has a mother, wife or child, that person is seated within sight of the jurors. The stage is set for the twelve men, but they do not realize it and the court is unable to prevent it. Generally the result is that the murderer goes free, or is let off with a light sentence. At any rate he is nearly always sure of a hung jury, due to maudlin sympathy.

Speaking of the astounding acquittal of William Cleary on the charge of murdering his son-in-law, the supreme court justice who presided over the trial said:

"There may have been a reasonable doubt as to the degree of crime of which the defendant was guilty, but murder is murder, call it by whatever name you please."

The country at large will take that view of it and will set down the Cleary verdict as another triumph of maudlin sympathy and as a miscarriage of justice.

It may be true that the prisoner in this case was stirred beyond self-control by the plight of his daughter, but if this is to be made a perpetual justification for killing we might as well abolish courts and give every man the privilege of becoming his own avenger.

In a few days the end of the year will be here and in a short time there will be statistics on the increase of murder in the United States. We may depend upon it that we shall be astonished at the increase.

If jumping from one league to another is good training, Walter Johnson is getting a great deal of it during the winter season while all the others are resting.

PEANUTS IN THE ROASTER

Those who carved the turkey yesterday without criticism from the other members of the family and without being kicked on the shins a single time will please stand up.

On an occasion of this kind it will be noticed that everybody remains seated, just like they do in a street car when a woman comes in and they pretend to be intensely interested in something they are reading in a newspaper.

But we adhere to the theory that it would be asking too much of a man to insist that he accomplish the impossible, in the carving of a turkey or the performance of any other difficult feat.

No doubt there are some who go about today boasting of how well they did the job, but it is useless to waste time in listening to them, since all

the rest of us know that they are just ordinary liars, like the man who said he was interested in Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales.

And there may be some who will claim that they did not drop any of the stuffing on the tablecloth while they were doing the carving, but they are lying so outrageously that they ought to be arrested as a menace to the community.

A man of that character would be expected to tell his friends that his wife gave him a box of cigars that were actually good, even though they were tied with pink ribbon.

There ought to be some way to suppress those who shatter the truth in the manner referred to, since it is a well known fact that the truth is not any too plentiful, anyhow.

Perhaps it would be taking severe measures, but a list of their names should be collected and turned over to Chief of Police Jones, who would,

we wot, know how to deal with them in the proper manner and seek them with the punishment they deserve.

And if that is not done their names should be turned in to those who are now preparing the grill for the Chamber of Commerce banquet next week.

Our idea is that it is not right to let Colonel Stafford, who shies away when he sees an angelist approaching him, do all the suffering.

But if those who are howling for a greater navy know they will have to pay their proportion of the cost, we wonder if they would still continue to emit the same kind of sounds?

Also we'd like to hear from those who read Dickens' Christmas Carol yesterday and watched the children enjoy themselves reading Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales?

Probably the gentleman who discovered so much merit in the Fairy Tales tried to get by with the present.

tation of a copy of that enjoyable volume to his wife in lieu of a diamond necklace, but we are willing to bet he didn't succeed.

But we feel reasonably sure there was nothing wrong with the plan to distribute baskets which was put into execution recently in such a successful way.

Also the Christmas spirit is all right, but since the rush is over it will be possible for a man to traverse the downtown streets without getting in the way of a foolish and excited virgin every second or two.

The thing that puzzles us, however, is how Maman Prolet can resist the temptation to defend the man who tried to obtain money from him by false pretenses.

But since it is all over, how do you like your presents, anyhow?

Nobody is called upon to speak aloud when they make the reply.

We know, of course, that you have to be circumspect in such matters.

And that's just what we're expecting you to do.

RICHARD S. GRAVES.

Belgian Children, to Whom American Aid Is Going.



These are of the type of Belgian children to whom aid from the United States has been sent during the past month. The pair with their dog were driven from their home in the north of Belgium on the entry of the Germans, and, packing up the few belongings they could carry, started out on the road with their faithful dog. They had no thousands of them moved into Holland, where they were cared for. Others went toward the north and were sent to England. There thousands of them are being cared for now.

Emmie's Declaration

(Copyright, 1912, by W. W. W. W.)

"You thinkin' o' drivin' in to town today, John?" Maudliny sleigh asked.

"Naw, no. I'm goin' to take some mackerel down to Wright's."

"Maudliny's heart fluttered hopefully. 'I could ride with you, far's Ring's place,' she said eagerly."

"Won't be no room. Paul's got 'em long to hold the stuff steady. Hurry up with dinner. And he shut the door again. Then Maudliny sat down and had a good cry, but neither her husband nor the hired man noticed her red eyes when she called them in to the early meal."

Left to herself again, Maudliny red up the house and prepared an attack on an immense basket of darning and mending, but for the first time in her life sat idly looking out the window, ignoring the sock in her hand. Suddenly she rose and put the basket resolutely back into the closet. "I'm jest a-goin' to have one afternoon that I ain't a-goin' to work," she declared positively, and hunting out the latest copies of her husband's farm journal settled herself to read of "Ferdinand's Love."

Land, Maudliny exclaimed rapturously. "It must be grand to have a man act like that."

That night, for the first time since John had married, he was kept waiting for a meal.

"What's the matter?" he asked in aggrieved tone.

"I didn't notice the time," Maudliny answered evasively.

"Must be powerful busy. What was you doin'?" he demanded.

"Readin'," she answered, with just a trace of defiance in her voice.

This answer was so unexpected and astonishing that John was struck quite dumb and walked out into the yard with his hands deep in his pockets to try to adjust himself to his new condition. "Women's queer," he told himself. "Hope Maudliny ain't gettin' none o' them fool notions them suffragettes is goin' to."

Then Maudliny called him in and as he ate he discussed politics with his hired man and forgot his worries regarding his wife.

That evening, after John had taken his usual round of the barn before "turning in," he set down to flush his pipe under the grape arbor. "We got a mighty fine place here, me an' Maudliny. Ef anything's to happen to me she'll be fixed real comfortable."

But his musing was interrupted by voices that were drawing nearer. He heard Paul, his hired man, pleading earnestly with Emmie Larry, who sometimes came over during a rush season to "help out" Maudliny. The pair sat down near the entrance to the arbor cutting off John's retreat.

"Emmie, jest listen to reason," John overheard. "Ef you 'n' me's to get married now we could get a farm an' run it on shares for a while, then we could buy one o' our own, jest as John Sleigh an' Maudliny done."

"Ef I thought I'd ever be like John Sleigh, or you'd be like John, I wouldn't marry you of you'n's the last man on earth. Emmie answered decidedly."

"Why, what's the matter with them?" Paul asked in a surprised tone. "They got everythin' fine—children all did well, an' there ain't a better farm in the country."

"I'd rather be like 'Hum' Carter," Emmie declared.

"Why, Emmie?" Paul cried, and

plunged his hand over his wife's eyes, demanded that she "guess what he had for her." "Hum" guessed and was delighted when her treasure was revealed. She jumped, and giving Carter a hearty kiss, hurried in to prepare their belated dinner, while her husband examined the foot and both of it in warm water, after which the dog settled himself with his great head resting contentedly on his master's knee.

"Sh!—less need-a-well!" John muttered, but he couldn't remember Maudliny's ever greeting him like that. He hadn't even kissed her when their first boy was born. He had when the first came. Lord, how proud he's been of her then! Why, he was still proud of her. There wasn't another woman in the country could get up a better

meal, make better pie, preserves or butter. She always had first class luck with her chickens, was famous for her preserves and had handsome home made quilts—

Here John stopped. All those accomplishments meant work. Emmie was right. He never had taken her to a show. He'd gone himself sometimes when he'd been in the village, but he hadn't thought of Maudliny havin' time."

John Sleigh, the keeper of the general store, the surprise of his business career by asking for the latest copy of the Farmer's Wife Magazine; then once having started, he bought another with pictures of some little elves on the cover. "Guess I'll buy a show, too," he said, selecting a pretty white one. The store keeper wondered if Maudliny was sick but kept a discreet silence.

"What you got in them boxes with the ribbon fixin'?" John asked.

"Candy? L.L. take the big one with the pink bow. He gathered up his packages and started for home, forgetting the tobacco he had come for."

Maudliny could only gurgie a surprised "Oh" when she saw the show and John folded it over her shoulders. He put his arm about her as she opened it.

"John!" she cried happily, and he kissed her.

When Paul came in they were still sitting there. "Me'n Maudliny's got to have a pick-up super on go in to town to a show tonight. 'You might as well cut over to Larry's an' Paul, me'n Maudliny's kinda decided we'd like to go down to Washington an' see the Capitol an' do some visitin' round—how 'bout you'n' Emmie takin' the place an' runnin' it on shares?" John asked.

"I'll ask Emmie," was all the hired man could find voice to say.

"Ef Paul," John stopped for an instant, and then plunged on: "There ain't no real happiness in workin' all the time."

"So Emmie says," Paul admitted and hurried off, leaving John and Maudliny eating sweets and laughing happily at the roguish little face that peeped out at them from behind the trees and flowers on the cover of the magazine.

At a dinner dance, after the maxixe the young man, a bespectacled young man, said to her "Let go and walk in the moon garden." "I don't want to go into the garden," the girl said shyly "without a chaperon." "Oh, we don't need a chaperon, I assure you," said the bespectacled young man. "Then," said the girl, "I don't want to go into the garden."

THE PAIR SAT OWN NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE ARBOR CUTTING OFF JOHN'S RETREAT.

up with Carter was still one of the unsolved problems. It was the day after John's enforced evenstopping, and as she passed their wee farm he glanced in contemptuously, but somehow the scene kept returning to him the rest of the afternoon. "Hum" was seen sitting in the doorway, carefully removing a splinter from one of the dog's feet. As the operation was finished Carter appeared around the house with a string of fish. He selected a particularly fine one and calp

CARTER APPEARED AROUND THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE.

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